

## A Self Called Nowhere

### They Might Be Giants

I'm sittin' on the curb  
Of the empty parkin' lot  
Of the store where they let me play the organ  
I'm waitin' for my ride  
But I want to wait inside  
Of the store where they let me play the organ

But I'm thinkin' of a wooden chair  
In a room at the top of the stair  
And I'm lookin' down the stairwell  
At the vanishin' dot, on the map of the spot  
Let me take you there  
The dotted line, surroundin' the mind  
Of a self called 'nowhere'  
It's a thing named „it”, in the a bottomless pit  
You can't see it there  
The sunken head, that lies in the bed  
Of a self called 'nowhere'

Standin' in my yard  
Where they tore down the garage  
To make room for the torn down garage  
I'm lookin' for my car  
But I must have sold my car  
When I needed to buy an electric organ

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Of a self called